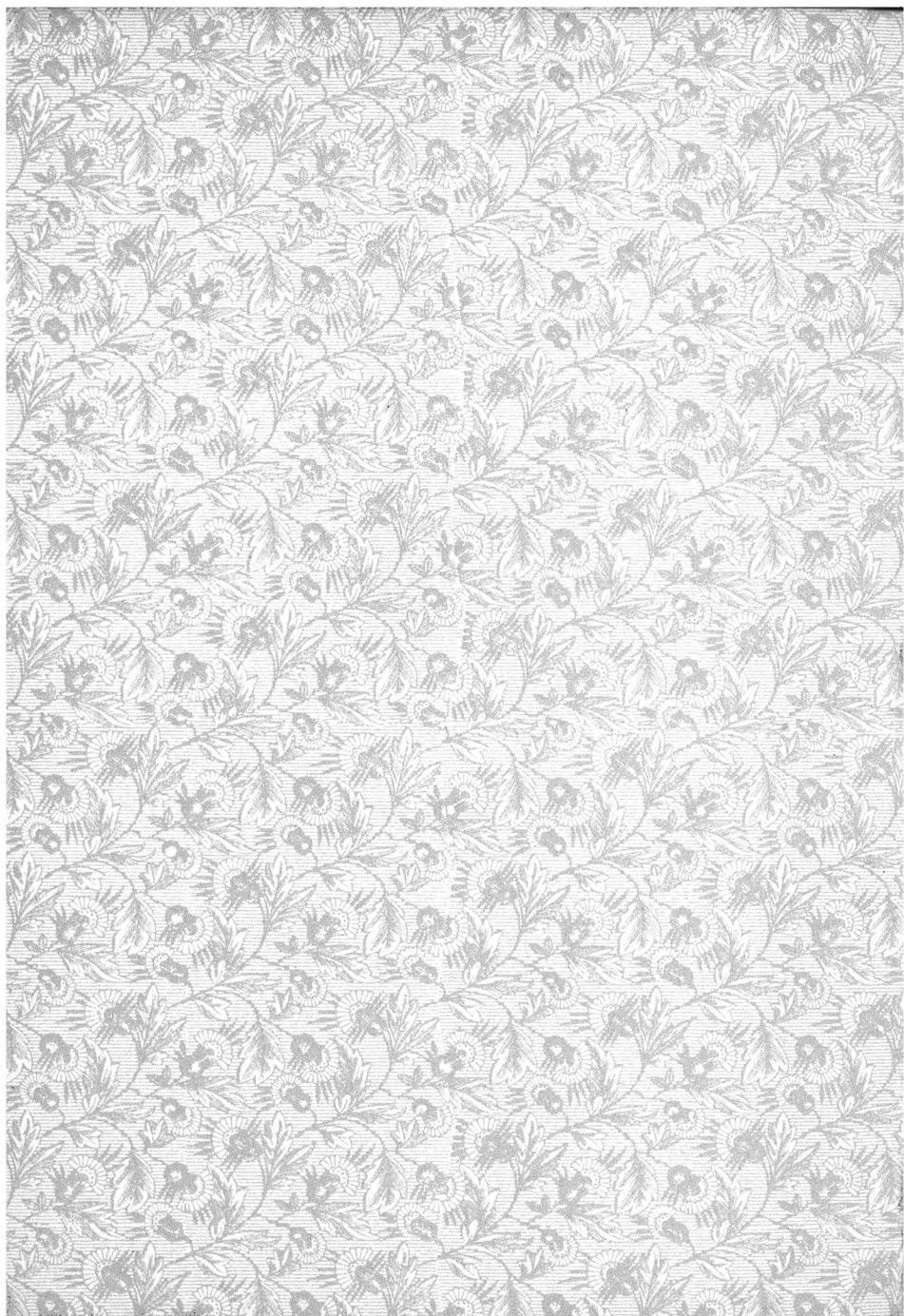
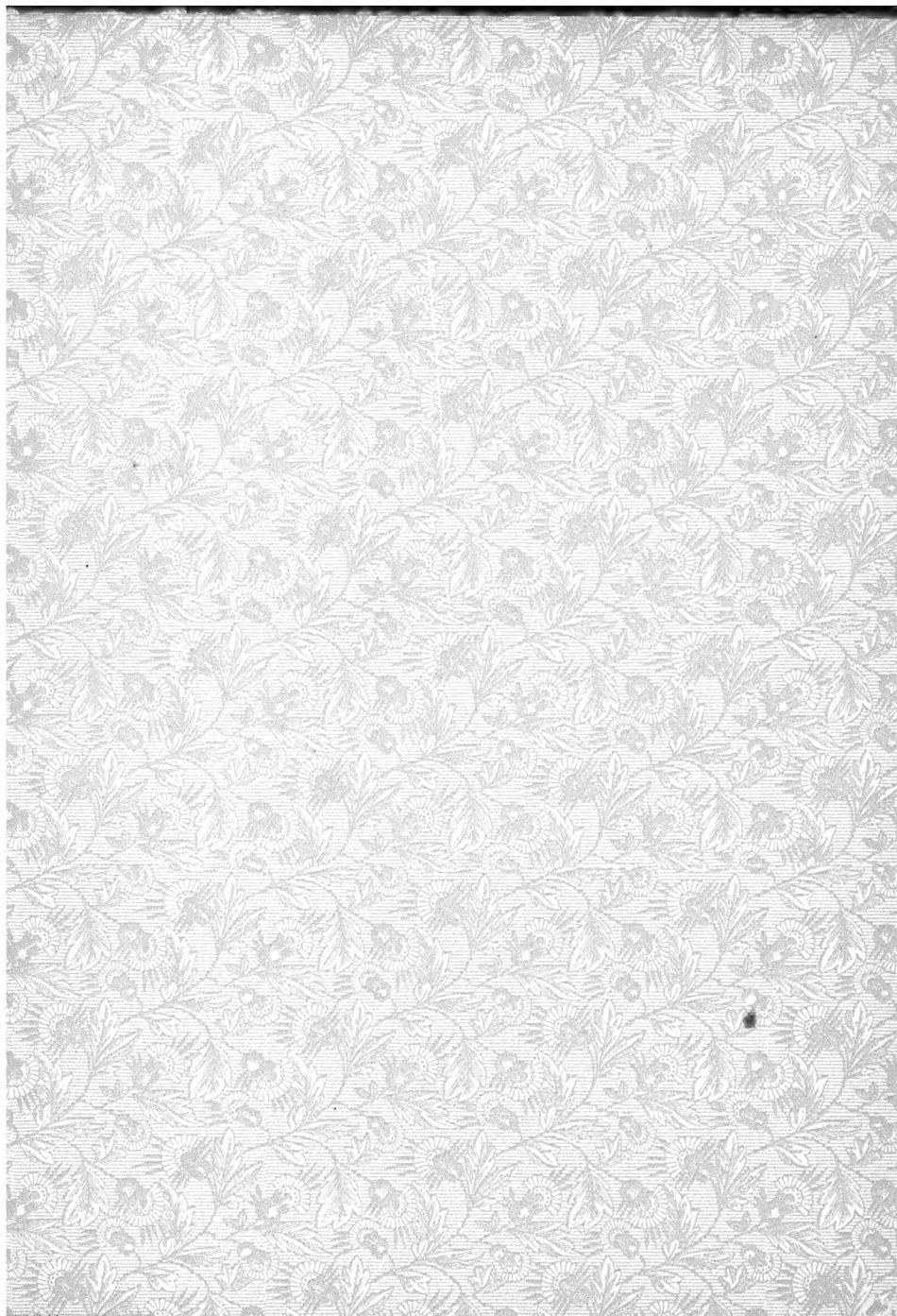


**ROSEMARY
AND RUE**





From the author,
to A. K. Landweil.
April 11th.
1929.

ROSEMARY AND RUE

By

CECIL FRANCIS LLOYD

*"Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless
night."*

— SHAKESPEARE

March, 1929
STOVEL CO. LIMITED
Winnipeg

*To my friend from old time, Horatio Wallace,
the best judge I know of a good poem, this little
book is affectionately dedicated.*

LINES FOR ANY CENOTAPH

To the Men Who Fell in the War

This to remind you as to work or play,
Gay or in sombre mood, you pass this way;
That far from here, in pain and misery,
We passed from time into eternity.
This stone will crumble, iron rust, but men,
Their deeds remembered, seem to live again.
Vain are these honours, vain were all our pains,
If to destroy your children war remains.

STATUE OF LORENZO THE MAGNIFICENT

By Michael Angelo, in San Lorenzo, Florence

There is an awful beauty in that face.
He seems a young archangel on his throne,
Waiting the Doom blast in this solemn place,
Chilled by God's wrathful glance to icy stone.
Far from his giant peers in heaven, or hell,
He broods on thoughts no mortal tongue dare tell.

TO DONN BYRNE

*And the Noble Company of Artists and Artists'
Friends, Who Died Young*

The fairest flower has ever briefest life.
The brightest day becomes too quickly old.
The sky-aspiring flame of worthy strife
Drops into ashes and grows sudden cold.
The light that on the mountain tops doth burn
Flies the approach of ever-greedy night.
All lovely things too early must return
To earth, fair victims of her moody spite.
But who would not prefer to be a rose
One honeyed day of summer's golden prime,
To the dull lichen that unheeded grows
On tombstones even to the end of time?
Better be beauty for an hour than be
Dullness and dust for all eternity.

SLEEP

Sleep to my cradle came when I was young,
Sweet as a rose leaf drifting down the wind;
Hushed the insistent babble of my tongue
And laid a wood-pool's stillness on my mind.
Sleep came to me adown the vale of youth,
A gentle moth adrift on starry wings,
And my fierce greed for joy-adventure, truth
Surrendered to the peace oblivion brings.
Sleep came to me when I was growing old,
A lady with a poppy in her hand,
Nor eating cares nor troubles manifold
That blossom's subtle fragrance could withstand.
Soon a more potent anodyne will steep
My brain in God's best gift, unbroken sleep.

HELEN

When Death claimed Helen of the golden hair,
An awe-struck whisper passed, beauty is dead.
Even the milk-white almond blossoms shed
Into the pool's translucence seemed less fair
Than when the glory of the queen was there.
Men eyed the curves of many a lovely head,
And listened, heart-sick, to the lightfoot tread
Of buoyant youth, but all the world was bare.

Years passed, then travellers in distant lands
Caught in a sunset's splendour or the rose
Of dawn, a hint that only memory gives.
Again they saw the cool uplifted hands
Hover above the brow's divine repose,
And with a sudden thrill cried, Helen lives.

THE POET

A quiet man who walked an endless round
 Of tedious days, or so they seemed to be
To those who never noticed his profound
 Glance of discernment flash out suddenly
Upon the little world whose passing dust
 Powdered his jacket with a film of gray.
Men deemed him unimportant for no gust
 Of lusty fortune ever blew his way.
His brown-eyed wife was gentle as the dew,
 Still as a mouse that sees the cat go by.
One morning when the dawn was breaking through
 The curtains of her room he watched her die.
Then he died, long ago; now men rehearse
 The limpid rhythms of his golden verse.

LIFE AND DEATH

I would not haggle meanly at the end,
When sister Death demands her fee,
But greet her bravely, like a long lost friend
Recovered suddenly.

I would not feel hot fever's venom'd teeth
Consume my flesh, like flame a brand;
Nor rust, slow dropping grain on grain, beneath
Old-Age, his hand.

Better the swift assoiling of the sword
That washes out in blood all stain.
Thus the brief life is briefly underscored;
This was a loss, that gain.

Fair Death, pray come in summer when the west
Is hung with arras rich of purple fire;
And set my spirit free to soar in quest
Of heart's desire.

I still enjoy the clash of mind with mind,
The swift exchange of knightly blow for blow.
Soon in the gathering darkness I shall find
A hand I know.

TIME AND ETERNITY

The ways of a man with a maid,
The ways of a maid with a man;
Have altered never a whit
Since ever the world began.
But the way of a bird through the air
And the ways of a beast in its den
Hold secrets darker, deeper,
Than even the ways of men.

Out of the earth a germ,
Out of the void a star;
To eyes of infinite reach
There is neither near nor far.
God can afford to wait,
For the thing that is not shall be.
But man must work in haste,
The fruit of his work to see.

Beyond the ultimate sun
You will find in the ultimate glooms,
Order. The blaze of pride
Is never the light that illumes.
But after infinite watching,
With infinite patience and pain,
You will find all beauty and good
In a clod made fresh by the rain.

SUMMER PASSES

Slyly a wind slips over the hill.
In the heart of a rose a star hangs, still
As an aspen leaf when no wind is blowing.
Like a child that steals off, day is going.

The air is cold as a keen white frost,
Haunting a wild where a lamb is lost.
Gently the rose fades into gray,
Like a crumbling log when fire's away.

Day goes west with the falling dew.
Fleetfoot summer is passing too,
Out of my garden, over the fells,
Into the land where beauty dwells.

As swallows in August, on roof and fence,
Warn us summer is hastening hence;
Ripening beauty of petal and wing
Hint to us of our westering.

Even as summer and daylight fade,
You and I, so God us aid,
Out of this pleasant light we know
Into a lovelier light shall go.

REMEMBRANCE

Spring's in our wood again,
 Subtle and sweet;
With beauty her sister,
 Timid and fleet.
When the snow vanishes
 Violets appear;
How can I love them,
 Now you are not here?

Some who dream foolishly
 Say you still live.
Just for one touch of
 Your lips I would give
All that men cherish,
 Ambition holds dear.
Spring is but winter
 Now you are not here.

O my lost darling,
 Forgotten by me,
Winter or summer,
 You never shall be.
All it delighteth
 My heart to be near,
Reminds me, like Maytime,
 That once you were here.

FRANCOIS VILLON

Greatly I suffered, greatly too have sinned.
Something men owe me, little call I mine.
My flesh has felt the knife of every wind.
Men I have slain, have warmed my heart with wine.
My soul has drained the sweetness from white arms,
Delicate breasts, lips' honeyed loveliness,
Virgil's immortal music, the cool charms
Of April eves, chaste dawn's divine caress.
Out of the muck and splendour of my days
Jewels I wrought and polished lovingly.
Sweet Christ me save, to you be all the praise,
If aught I fashioned shall remembered be,
To honour Beauty, golden maid, whose face
Reveals to me God's glory and His grace.

THE RIDER OF THE CLOUDS

Silver and blue against the rose of fading afternoon,
And on his wings a spectral glow, light of the rising moon.
Delicate, swift, adventurous, a spirit framed to know
Beauty of space and light, the power of all the winds that
blow.

Glory of thought was in his speed, of thought from words
set free
To flash, like lightning, through the void of God's immensity.
Silver and rose I watched him fade into the west, a sprite,
Companion of the clouds that veil the jewelled breast of
night.

MARCH WINDS

I hear enormous noises in the night
Pass through the house to die into the dark;
Setting my wild heart shuddering with fright,
Like some old tale of witch or goblin, hark!
Surely that was a foot upon the floor.
And hark! again, a dreadful moan of pain.
A ghostly hand is troubling my door.
That was a sigh that passed, I heard it plain.
Primeval terrors darkly stir along
The current of my blood and lift my hair.
Around my bed mysterious faces throng,
Demonic, ah but one of them is fair;
She smiles at me, I'll slumber like a child;
Though on the plains the winds of March blow wild.

EXTREME UNCTION

Soon all the echoing corridors of sense,
Down which the songs and splendour of the world
Flung wide the folds of their magnificence,
Like golden banners to the wind unfurled;
Will be by consecrated hands sealed up,
Fit preparation for eternal rest.
Spill not a drop from life's o'erbrimming cup,
But drain it even to the worst and best.
Life is a gift and surely it was given
By one who better knows its worth than you.
Be not a brute to sudden slaughter driven,
But seize and mold the fruitful clay anew
Into some form through which it may appear,
When you are dead, that once a man was here.

THE CONVENT

This is the house where flesh grown intimate
With spirit, sanctifies the dross of earth;
While the proud senses, like attendants, wait
On temperate Contemplation, foe to mirth.
Here reverend age and grave austerity,
Mellowed by endless prayer, by thought refined,
Repress, with no ill-meant severity,
The softer graces of the carnal mind.
But one fair maid, with still unfurrowed brow,
Sweet eyes that half remember silk and gold,
Pale blossoms fragrant on an apple bough,
A boyish glance, half bashful and half bold,
May on some April eve, when prayers are done,
Wish, for a moment, she were not a nun.

VALE FERDINAND FOCH

March 20th, 1929

Out of the grand simplicities of life this knightly spirit came.
He faced his task and did it, not regarding the dubious lure
of fame.
Now is the sword sheathed, the marshal's baton no more
the master knows.
"Allons," the word, by the last foe undaunted, into God's
peace he goes.

The columns pass, the keen notes of the bugle die down the
sweet spring day.
An aged charger follows his old master, priests in rich
vestments pray.
Little the marshal heeds the crowds, the splendour, the
drooping flags o'erhead.
Again he blends with all things grandly simple, most living
when called dead.

MEMORIES

In the attic I opened a cedar chest, locked for a hundred years, and found therein some linen, packed in rose leaves, that once belonged to my great grandmother's sister, who died young.

Our linen once was heart of sky-blue flax,
Blown by the south wind into rippled beauty.
Our lace was made by hands as pale as wax,
Gentle but strong and tranquilized by duty.
A diver in deep seas where no light falls
Save that green glow which fishes think the sun,
Found in a shell the pearl your lady calls
Buttons; we've seen ours search an hour for one
To sew on this slim band that clasped her waist.
Her lines were lyrics flowing smooth and free.
We once were white because her soul was chaste
As snow on mountains, foam on open sea.
Now odorous of rose we lie forlorn.
Dear maid, her heart was dust ere you were born.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page
LINES FOR ANY CENOTAPH.....	3
STATUE OF LORENZO THE MAGNIFICENT.....	3
TO DONN BYRNE.....	4
SLEEP.....	4
HELEN.....	5
THE POET.....	6
LIFE AND DEATH.....	7
TIME AND ETERNITY.....	8
SUMMER PASSES.....	9
REMEMBRANCE.....	10
FRANCOIS VILLON.....	11
THE RIDER OF THE CLOUDS.....	11
MARCH WINDS.....	12
EXTREME UNCTION.....	13
THE CONVENT.....	14
VALE FERDINAND FOCH.....	14
MEMORIES.....	15

